#### ENGLISH POLITICS.

CHAMBERLAIN, DILKE AND BRIGHT, CHURCHILL.

[FROM HE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

London, February 2.

Birmingham has this week been holding one of its many political festivals, and once more welcoming its illustrious representative in the House of Commons, Mr. Bright, and its eminent representative in the Cabinet, Mr. Chamberlain. They have made four or five speeches apiece, short and long, and the least that can be said of these speeches is that they make most of the other oratory of the week rather dry reading; Lord Salisbury at Hertford excepted, for Lord Salisbury, whatever else he may be, is not dry. Students of oratory will listen, as for thirty years they have listened, to every sentence of Mr. Bright, and study every phase of a diction which remains for oratorical purposes what it has been, incomparable. Students of immediate politics will turn more eagerly to the speeches of Mr. Chamberlain, because Mr. Chamberlain is in the Cabinet and Mr Bright is not.

The last word on current affairs is expected from the President of the Board of Trade. Either from him or from his political Achates, Sir Charles Dulke, this last word is both expected and obtained. The energy of these two distinguished young men approaches the miraculous. Ever since the autumn set in, which is a senson of political harangues, there has been, I will venture to say, no single week when either one or the other has not mounted a platform. If it has not been Damon, it has been Pythias; if not Pythias, then Damon; and at times it has been both together. I am not sure I should much exaggerate if I said that Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Charles Dilke between them have during the last three or four months made as many political speeches as all the other Cabinet Ministers put together. Perhaps I might include all leading Liberals, all Liberals in the front rank, and all the members of the Government, a body much more numerous than the Cabinet by itself. It need not for a moment be supposed that this continuous flow of oratory on the part of these two Radical Ministers is due to loquacity, or vanity, or any poor motive whatever. It is due, I doubt not, to a settled purpose on their part to impress themselves and their convictions and their immediate political objects on the country. Never before has either of them been so powerful. Never before has their political and personal alliance been so effective. Never before has the Radical wing of the Liberal party seemed to take a lead so decisive. Never, perhaps, have they brought so much pressure to bear on their less Radical colleagues, who outnumber them as six to one. They have taken possession of the public mind. They have spoken, if you like, in season and out of season, but, on the whole, with an ability, a copionsness, a variety of resource, a rhetorical versatility, a real intellectual power and a real force of conviction which have insured them the sustained attention they demanded, and which have gone far toward carrying the points they inrended to carry. What they both want is a Reform Bill of a sweep-

ing kind, and they have demanded it should be more sweeping than they expected to get, in order to make sure of its not being more moderate than they could accept. Mr. Chamberlain has laid him self open to the charge of foreing, or trying to force, the hand of his colleagues and of his chief, and the charge is a damaging one. But he and his friend and the canonses and conferences they have engineered between them have roused a body of publicopinion, created a demand which has to be satisfied, and on at least one point have contributed to altering in a radical sense the character of the measure that is to be introduced. Ireland is to be included in the Franchise bill, a result to which, it must be added, Mr. Forster and Mr. Parnell have given as much help, each in his own way, as Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Charles Dilke. Mr. Forster demanded it as an act of justice. Mr. Parnell demanded it with a pistol at Ministers' heads. It became known that no reform bill which did not include Ireland would be likely to pass, and Ireland was included. If Mr. Chamberlain believed he was acting with Mr. Parnell, or believed he was outgeneralling him, he is likely in either case to learn that he has de ceived hunself. To-day's news is that Mr. Paruell means to oppose the bill unless the Government give a pledge (which they could not fulfil if they gave it) that no measure of redistribution shall reduce the overplus of seats Ireland now has to which the has no right.

Mr. Chamberlain's Birmingham the Irish question is what might be expected from a Munster who makes little secret of his readiness to coalesce with Mr. Parneil. "If it were not," says the colleague of Lord Spencer, " for the noisy conduet of a small minority of Ulster Orangemen who break up the political meetings of their opponents, the country at this moment would be perfectly tranquil." Perhaps the best answer to such a statement as that may be found in the action of Lord Spencer. The Viceroy of Ireland has just saved the small minority of Ubster O angemen " the trouble of breaking up the proposed political meeting of their opponents near Londonderry by proclaming ratease. Sir James has evidently hunted up all the exand prohibiting it himself in the name of the Queen. Mr. Chamberlain's " small minority " is, as he would acknowledge in his less impulsive moments, the everwhelming majority of the loyal people of Ulster. Their "political opponents" are the men on the Government of Great Britain and Ireland. The invasion is none the less an invasion because rides are kept in the background -rifles being a sort of weapon which Irishmen of this sort prefer to use seen, but at any rate a great blow has been struck at war because it is carried on by insidious means, by underhand methods and on treacherous pretexts. The "political opponents" of the Ulstermen are The "political opponents" of the Uniternien are simply the Nationalists who train under Mr. Parnell, and whose real object is the secession of Ireland and the break-up of the British Empire. They avow it themselves.

Mr. Chamberlain, whose exuberant spirits occasionally run away with him, thought it consistent with good taste to indulge in something that reads very much like chaft of his venerable colleague. Mr. Bright said he was in favor of going forward steadily and wisely. Mr. Chamberlam. when his turn came, saw fit to remark that he was reminded of a retort which was given with respect to an agricultural laborer, concerning whem his new master inquired of his old whether he was a steady man (the wording of this sentence is Mr. Chamberlain's): "Steady! If he were only a little steadier he would stand still?" This marred a speech mainly devoted to Mr. Chamberlain's specialties of last session and the coming session, patents, bankrupt law and shipping; and which, but for this and one other passage, was an admirable

Mr. Bright thought it worth his while to refer in his first Birmingham speech to Lord Randolph Charchill. He said very truly that Tory speeches had dealt a great deal in extravagant language and in insolent language against her Majesty's Government. "And I have been struck," proceeded Mr. Bright, " with one fact, which really eaght to cause some sorrow, that as you go up in the grade of social rank in this country you find the language becoming more extravagant and more virulent. you arrive at that point, whether you read what has been said, or listen to what has been said, by the brothers and the sons of dukes, you find the language more virulent, more coarse, more offensive and more ungentlemanly than you find it in the lower rank of speakers." As Mr. Bright uses the plural, he may be supposed to point both at Lord George Hamilton, a son of the Duke of Abercorn who lately attacked Mr. Chamberlain, and at Lord Rangolph Churchill, son to the late and brother to present Dake of Marlborough, who has attacked pretty much everybody.

Lord Randolph, at any rate, takes Mr. Bright's words to himself, and justifies them in language which perhaps surpasses his previous excesses. At his own expense he proves the truthfulness of Mr. Bright's description. He had not noticed Mr. Bright before, declares Lord Randolph, but his ferocity Induces this brother of a duke to turn his attention to the great orator, and to Mr. Cobden as well. These Lord Randolph describes as two plundering I Grand Cross of the Bath, the same decoration as that

Villiers from the nest he had constructed, and who reared therein their own chattering and silly brood. He accuses Mr. Bright of inventing the story be

told about Lord George Bentinck. He makes a fair point by asking why, if this be the best Government of the century, did Mr. Bright leave it. Was it not good enough for him? queries Lord Randolph, and to the plea that he left it because of his dislike to war and bloodshed retorts that he remained in office during two bloody and disgraceful wars in Afghanistan and the Transvaal. There is, of course, a rejoinder which you know, and equally of course Lord Randolph spoils his point by depicting Mr Bright as continuing to draw his salary and loll at ease in his sinecure office; adding that "he swallowed these bloody wars with the calculating meanness of the sect to which he belonged." His resignation was a "pretty sample of political humbug." From the time of the Corn Law agitation to the present moment, Mr. Bright has "pursued an unbroken career of obtaining political support under false pretences." But he is to do so with impunity no longer, nor indulge his "savage animosity" without penalty. "The robe of righteousness or Brighteousness which he and his confederates have thrown over their corrupt forms would be torn asunder. Naked and ashamed they would by-and-by be made to the gaze of an anxious public, and all would be disclosed that could be—whether the imposture of the so-called People's Tribune, or the grinding monopolies of Mr. Chamberlain, or the dark and evil deeds of Mr. Schnadhorst."

What are English politics coming to when a young man who is freely talked of as a possible Tory Minister descends to such language as this? Tory Minister descends to such language as this? Tory Minister descends to such language as the total chart of the decadence in the tone of public life, of which The decadence in the tone of public life, of which the chart of the solution of the solution of the chart of the solution of the solution of the chart of t tion to the present moment, Mr. Bright has "pur-

The decadence in the tone of public life, of which this is but one example, may be traced directly to influences: the example of Lord Beaconsfield and the example of the Irish. The latter exuit, and with reason, in the degradation they have brought upon Parliament, and they may still exult with not less reason in the contamination which spreads be yond the House of Commons and poisons the G. W. S. politics of the platform.

### LONDON GOSSIP.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S NOTES ON ENGLISH TOPICS.

(FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.)
LONDON, February 9.
Up till the moment of the meeting of Parliament and the arrival of the news of the Soudan disaster, events which occurred simultaneously, nobody spoke of anything but the collapse of Miss Fortesene's (Miss Finney's) welding engagement with Lord Garmoyle, eidest son of Earl Calrus. There had been a direfu rumor flying about on last Saturday afternoon that "Gumbeil" had been seen suppling at Rule's between Miss Constance Gilchrist and Miss Phyllis Broughton, "the two Duchesses" as they have been called by ribald scoffers from whom not even "the sacred lamp of burlesque" is safe. Now, married men may sup with burlesque-ladies without exciting comment, but for a young "engaged" nobleman to do so was considered strange. On Saturday night the murder was out, and in about a couple of hours everybedy was making his little jose about the bad behavior of the young man to the pearl of the Savoy Theatre. "Of course you've heard," said one masher, literally bong in chains like a turkey gobbler, "that the great Savoy pot has Gar-' boyled' over." Another had something to say about the contract being "finney" shed but not "scaled," an allusion to the names of the partners in the young lady's father's un-fortunate coal business. Everybody agreed that Gar-"goyle" had behaved badly in yielding to his parents'

of Miss Fluncy to the Countess Cairns, who, quoting Shelley's line, had said to her sou!

solicitations to give up the match at any cost.

"Bring home to me
Thy sweet, strange indy-friend."
The ladies as sometimes will happen in such cases, failed to "get on" together and the marriage "went of." One humorist went about humming softly snatches of a now forgotten comic song, once the celebrated "Rateatcher's Daughter." I only remember the following fragment of

" Her father sold coals And she filled roles
All down at the Saveloy TheMer,
But the Countess Cairus
Swere none of her hairus
Should marry with a coalheaver's darter."

Mr. Gibbert, who is a barrister as well as an anthor, bus taken up the young lady's cause with great warmth. He is said to insist upon very large compensation for breach of promise—asking as much as £20,000 sterling, or ten years of Lord Garmoyle's entire income from the McCalmont property tettled upon him. I hear that £10,000 has been offered, one informant tells me £15,000, to compromise the affair, and that it has been refused by Misa Finney's advisers, who threaten to carry the matter efore a jury anless Lord Calrus pays up £20,000. 1 them ill-advised, for I doubt an English jury giving more than £10,000, if they gave so much. Five years of a man's entire income is large com-pensation even for a Countess's coronet looming in the future, and the sam named is a large fortune for the most unexceptionable of spotless young ladies, who after all is only a third or fourth rate singer and actress. People here do not lash themselves into a state of virtuous in dignation about ladies of the theatre, and, moreover, the law, judges and custom of the country are directly opposed to what are called vindictive or punitive damages.

Next in social importance comes the decision of Sir tant statute law on gaming, and has concluded by the common sense decision that the Park Club is a comgaming house. He has fixed Jenlos, the professiona gambler who owns the place, £500, the members of the committee who aid and abet the same £500 apiece, and \$100 apiece. Thus Mr. Howard Vincent, the Director of Crimmal Investigation, has scored the first point against the card clubs. Whether the ruting of the magistrate will be reversed on appeal to the judges remains to l from behind a bedge. The war is none the less a baccarat. It is needless to repeat that as a matter of public policy no method can be more sound than the making of gambling difficult, troublesome and dauger-ous. Old men tell me that when there was a betting-shop ber of embezzlements and petty largenies was enormous among the shop boy class. In the same way, when Crockped's was open in London the air was full of disasters to gamblers just as it now is at Monte Carlo. I have seen nearly every game played, and am quite sure that without ready temptation not one gambler out of twenty would have become one. It is because every Corcle in Paris except the Jockey Cinb is a gambling house, that the same remark, less the Jockey Cinb, we I apply to Nice, and that New-York is, or has been, well supplied with fare-banks, that so much gambling takes place in those cities. The opportunity is handy, just as it has been of late sought to make it in London. I must say that I thought Homburg, Spa and Baden, and still rupt nobedy, for they cost much money to go to, and only attract those who are already corrupted. But it is quite another thing when a betting-shop or a gaming-hone enn be found round every corner in a great city, and lottery tickets carry a passion for gaming into the hamblest

The high private play at certain clubs will be quite out of the reach of the police. It will be impossible to re-strain people from playing at whist for "pony" points if they choose to do so. Pony points signify really high play, for it is not uncommon to lose sixteen points at a sitting, and sixteen ponics amount to £400 storling, a nice afternoon's work without counting the bye-bets on the rub, which may amount to a hundred or two more, The Prince of Wales, who is a lucky card-holder, is reponsible for the fashion of pony points. But this after all affects a very limited number of people.

I am beginning to fear that the influence of Royalty is rarcly exerted on the side of justice and common sense. When Lord Beaconsfield was Premier of England and the Queen's most humble servitor, Her Majesty insisted on being proclaimed, in the teeth of common sense, Empress of India, where, as India cannot take precedence of Eng land, she is called the Queen-Empress, which is idiotic. The other day it was undoubtedly the personal influence of the Queen which gave the vacant Garter, the most eagerly coveled decoration in the world, to Lord Sydney, harmless nobleman, a mere Court official who has been Lord Chamberlain and is now Lord Steward of the Household. Will it be believed among rational human peings that this foolish appointment was made while Lord Northbrook, the head of the Barings and a dis tinguished nobleman who has been Under Secretary for India, twice Parliamentary Under Secretary for War, has held the post of Governor-General of India, the greatest appointment that can be held out of the Cabinet, and is now First Lord of the Admiralty, " ruler of the Queen's Navee," has to put up with a rubbishing thing like the

Star of India ! Lord Dufferin, too, whose recent diplomatic services have been most brilliant, has to rest content with the

cuckoos who shamelessly ejected Mr. Charles conferred upon Lord Chelmstord after making a mess of everything in South Africa, while a merely ornamental nobleman whose duty it is to propose the Queen's health at state banquets, gots the Garter! A third in-Royal want of judgment is just now exciting severe com-ment, especially in the upper stratum of society—the mob only chuckle and crow with savage joy. The Queen dedicates her new book to the memory of her deceased

personal servant, John Brown! The loss of Mr. Hayward is deeply regretted in the best circles, intellectual and political. It is not often that a man's funeral is attended by three such celebrities of the first line as Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Browning and Mr. Kinglake. The statesman, the poet and the historian were in a prominent position at St. James's Church and were a prominent position at St. Jamos's Church and were surrounded by Mrs. Singleton (Violet Fane), the dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley, Mr. Forster, late Secretary for Ireland; Lord Barrington, the late Lord Beaconsfield's friend and confidant; Baron Sotyns, the Belgian Minis-ter and the best reconstar left new that Mr. Hayward is gone; Mr. John Marray, the famous publisher, in whose Quarterly Review the dead anan wrote his most celebrated essays; St. Friskine May and Lord Carlingford, the widower of Frances Countess Waldegrave, at whose Strawberry Hill gatherings Mr. Hayward was almost an "institution."

"Caller On, too, is dead, the famous "star-garer" and "butcher's hack," who won the Leger, various North-musheriand Plates and any number of Quoen's Plates, verifiably a great mare at all distances "when it was her

day."

The Earl of Pembroke is still very ill. One of the "intellectual Herberts," he is the sen of the late Mr. Sydney Herbert, one of the brilliant band of "Peelites," who was crented Lord Herbert of Lea. His son inherited this title and subsequently the caridoms of Pembroac and Montgomery. He, besides writing "The Karl and the Deeter," in conjunction with Dr. Kimssley, in which there is a remarkable chapter on missionaries, wrote "South isea Bubble," and a theological discourse entitled "Roots." He is the brother of Gladys, Countess of Lonsdale. Lord Pembroac lies sick at Wilton House, one of the historic homes of England, full of magnificent pictures, scripture and handlare. It was at Wilton that Sir Pleinp Sidney wrote "Areadia" at the request of his sister, the Countess of Pembroke, whose heautiful epitaph, generally attributed to Ben Jonson, was really written by William Browne, nather of the Pastorals ":

"Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother,

"Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother, Death, ere thou has sinth another, Wise, and fair, and good as she, Time small torow a dart at thee."

Time small torow a dart at thee."

A lock of this lady's hair is proserved at Wilton, which reminds me of a raddy trees I once saw at the Ambresian Library at Milan, and which had belonged to a very offerent person, to wit, Lucroria, daughter of Rodergo Borzia, sometime Pope Asexander VI, and sister of the radoultable Cardinal, Prince and General, Cesare Berria, Duke of Valentino, who looks out of Titian's canvas with the calm gaze of a virtuous German Russeller.

To sing of merrier things, I will eite the case of an t To sing of merrier things, I will eite the case of an irritable author who went the other day to "have it out" with his publishers, Messrs. Chasto & Windus. He had never seen either of them in the flesh, having only communicated by letter with the firm, and when he found himself in the presence of one of them felt timed and confused, so he stammered with oblique indignation: "Sir, I don't know whether you are Mr. Chatto or Mr. Windus, and I don't want to be rude. But if you are Chatto, d-n Windus; and if you are Windus, d-n Chatto!"

There is just now great excitement about the Painter-Ball in the new building in Piccadilly. Kverybody is tanking of his or her costame. The other day a gentle man went into a theatrical costumier's and said: hink I should like a dress of the time of King Henry IV of England." The roply had a flavor of Covent Garden "Which you'll parting me, sir, but you're wrong in you 'Istory. Enery the Heighth of Hingland, sir. 'Enery the Fourth of France."

proximate cause of the rupture seems to have been a visit SUGAR AND POLITICS IN LOUISIANA. THE RACES FIND ONE BOND OF UNION.

FRAR OF DEMOCRATIC TARIFF-TINKERING-A SIG-NIFICANT PROTEST.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TELBUNE.] NEW-ORLEANS, Feb. 5 .- The tariff question is occupying more public attention in this city than any other subject, except that of the Mardi Gras Carnival. The Louisiana sugar planters, who lately met in convention here to discuss the tariff on sugar, adopted about two columns of resolutions, most of which were carefully expunged from the reports sent to the North because they were too confirmatory of Con-gressman William Pitt Kello is prediction that if the Democrats in Con ress should "reform" the tariff on sugar, the State of Louisiana would vote the Republican ticket at the next Presidential election. The resolutions. which contained a deal of information, were adopted as their own by the convention of colored sugar growers and plantation workers which met soon after. They described the depression of the sngar trade due to the enor mous increase of production in Europe by cheap labor, and the severe reduction of duties: lamented the Hawallan treaty and renounced the propos Mexico; and saked of Congress a recognition of the right of the sugar industry to live; "that it should not be aunibiliated in order to protect more favored industries, nor to settle political difficulties, as is threatened." Then followed this paragraph:

Resolved, that we upon Senators and Representa-tives in Washington the importance of protecting and guarding our interests, which should be held superior and percumonal to all party affiliations, and be based upon principles of strict justice and equity.

The convention waich first adopted these resolutions was composed of white planters and, with a stray exception here and there, of Democrats. resolution comed above means, if it means anything, that hereafter the sugar planters of Louisiana intend to stand by their own material interests instead of following the demogogie Democracy of the North. For years the white people of the South have blindly followed the Democracy everywhere, askins no questions. They led them, and they are beginning to some extent t rebel; and whenever they shall become fully convinced, as it now seems to me they must, that the prosperity of themselves and their State is of greater value than their devotion to Democracy, the day of Southern prosperity

and political emancipation will be at hand.

The convention of colored sugar growers and workers. in addition to the resolutions of their white brethren,

adopted the following: adopted the following:

Resolved, That the present selling price of sugar represents a very small profit on the cost of production, and any material diminution in its value will result in the ruin and destruction of the Industry, and in common with our white fellow-citizens we protest against any policy on the part of the Government which will have the effect of destroying or materially injuring an industry built on by the pulse and fastering care of protection. the effect of destroying or materially injuring an industry built up by the policy and fostering care of protection, and in which there are no less than \$80,000,000 or \$90,000,000 invested, and on which four hundred thousand people in Louisiana are dependent for support. On behalf of our people we protest against any such action and appeal to the generosity of the powers which gave us our freedom, and sent us into the world to care for ourselves and family a living, not to reduce us to paquerism and begging as will be the case if the industry upon which we depend for support is destroyed. We claim to be liberty-loving and loyal people. Loyal to the Government which struck the

The tenacity of the Southern people in respect to ancient creeds and tenets makes it appear to me that if the Democracy could have been right, instead of overwhelming and perversely wrong, its hold upon the Federal ent might have been almost perpetual. As it is, the Southern people do not want a Democratic President the Southern people do not wants Democratic Freshent so long as they can keep their State administrations out of the hands of the ne roes. "We shall indoubtedly continue to vote the Democratic ticket," said a wealthy and influential Democrat to me to-day, "because we cannot vote with the niegers; but we don't care to see the Northern, emocrats in power at Washington, They are against the material interests of the South." These are sentiments often heard in this section, and they mean a great deal.

# A WESTERN DUCK STORY.

As the starm somewhat subsided last Menday, Quin Fletcher thought he would go out and see if he could kill a few of the ducks that, immediately after a snow storm, are found abundantly in the spring holes in different parts of the valley. Mounting his now-shoes, he proceeded to the vicinity of the Hot Springs. As he was shipping along over five or six feet of snow, his eye on the lookent for same, he beard the distinct quack of a duck nearly beneath his feet. Surprised, he ran his snow-shoe pole into what appeared to be a cave. Immediately a big mailiard flow out, which was quickly knocked endwise with his pole. Another big duck then came, which he caught in his hands and wrung its neck. Then another rog jed out, which met the same faste; then mother, until thirty-eight ducks lay dead at it o hinter's feet. Being curious to know what sort of a place he had struck, Pietcher made a larger opening, and found that he was just above a large spring hole about twelve feet in diameter. The ducks, during the storm, had taken refuge there, it being protected by a bank on the windward side. The violent wind had drifted soow from the bank over the pool, forming at first a shalf and at last a cempiete roof, and the birds were securely imprisoned. If Mr. Pietclier had not discovered their retreat, they would prebably have starved to death before the sun released them from their curious confinement. From The Carson (Nex.) Appeal.
storm somewhat subsided last

A Rev. Mr. Kirkland, of Texas, is paid so

## BROADWAY NOTE-BOOK.

MEN AND THINGS, THE COUNTRY ROUND THE PERSONAL NOTES AND NOTIONS OF A BROAD-

WAY LOUNGER. Mr. Allen, of Waterbury, Connecticut, says that city i the capital of the brass manufacture in America, makes the sheet or bar or brass wire from the Cleveland pig and with a population of 23,000 has about 8,000

Having been in Ohio a part of the week I went through Senator John Sherman's residence, now being trans-formed and enlarged. It will be his third home construction at Mansfield since he moved there in 1840 at the age of, say, twenty. Like General Sherman, he had been an adopted son and of his cousin at the town of Mt. Vernon, where Columbus Delano and General Morgan reside, both equally respected by their townsmen though of opposite parties. John Sherman began life a rod-man on the Muskingum Improvement and Canal Company i 1837, in the first year of President Van Buren's con-struction. His father removed to Ohio because his deputies in the office of Internal Collector in Connecticut plundered him and broke him up. He left eleven chil dren and next to no property, yet observe the career of that poor family! Industry, genius, beauty, sociability and length of days seem perennial there. poor widow, several of whose children the good neighbors and kin relieved her of, the mind and eye wander to the beauty of Mrs. General Miles, the vivacity of Mrs. Donald Cameron, the refunder of the public debt and the great Alarie of freedom marching to the sea. . Let those the die poor with purely descended posterity compose

Mrs. John Sherman has escaped newspaper observation. She is the only daughter of a splendid old Scotch-Irish judge, James Stewart, who came from York County Pennsylvania, at a place called Chanceford, a name pretty enough for the title of a novel. His ancestors ame trom Ireland about 1750. On the female side he was from Jane Duncan, Scotch enough. Mr. Stewart reoved to New-York State up the Susquehanna route, built a log house and taught himself to read. He appeared about Mansfield, Ohio as the founder of the scademy. In 1826 he married Margaret Loughridge,-North Irish seems the name, who lived only two years and left a daughter, Cecilia Stewart, who became the wife of John Sherman. Mr. Stewart married again and rose to be one of the most distinguished judges in the State. He was finally beaten by Judge Goddes, the present Democratic member from Mansfield, and died in 1858. His second wife, Mary Mercer, died in 1860.

Cecilia, Mrs. Sherman, the people at Mansfield say, has been as industrious and attentive to the interests of ner husband as himself, and some allege that she can draw up a law paper and transcribe it as accurately as a law-yer and has often done so. She bears the highest name for her modesty, prudence, strength of nature and singleness of fidelity. Not having children of her own she has imitated the example of those who sheltered her husand's brethren, and found posterity among the children of the needy.

A case where there well might be legal interference or ompulsion toward railroads is the annual freshets on the Western waters, where the roads are stopped and passengers collected at places like Pittsburg, ille, Whoeling and Parkersburg, and detained at their own expense and anxiety, whereas the railroad companies should premptly bulletin at the terminal points whether passengers can go through or not. There seems no direction whatever about such matters as this, and I have seen collected at Parkersburg, for example, almost a mile of passenger ears and swarms of passengers, whereas the telegraph wire might readily have notified them at Cincianati or New-York to delay until the read was mended. But as there are some railroads which turn the inundated region to the north, it is not thought Christianlike to let those roads get the benefit of any

William Travers, the broker, has often been described as the most popular man in New-York. I had thought this must be the partiality of his friends, but recently meeting him for a moment, I could see that his temperament, polite, inviting, accommodating and yet quaint, might be very attractive to those who knew him long. Out of that tall, military figure and rather pointed countenance, suggestive of an Irish hunting squire, came a mile almost blushing, a manner between the feminine and the courtly, and although he stammers beyond at Greenough's great statue of the naked Washington almost any person I ever heard speak, he can interiort a with Roman appendages between astonishment and a sentence, pointed yet without barb, which at once raises smile, as if it might be a joke perpetrated on the public laughter. He married the daughter of Reverdy Johnson, not the greatest lawyer of Maryland, but one of the most diligent and useful, who was himself, like Mr. Travers, something of a sport, and it is said lost his eyesteht while directing Mr. Stanley, of Virginia, how to shoot his pistol in preparation for a duel; the ball glanced and took Mr. ohnson's eye out. The old man, after filling many bonors, finally died during or after dinner at the Governor's mansion in Annapolis among the associations of his forerunners and contemporaries, William Pinkney, William Wirt, Samuel Chase, Walter Jones and Otho Scott. Reverdy Johnson accumulated perhaps \$200,000 by a very long life, while Mr. Travers is probably worth two or three millions.

Mr. Travers, like a good many New-York operators makes his winter residence in Washington. Mr. D. P. Morgan, who was such a powerful agency in Wall Street for years, rents a house there for \$5,000 a year, which cost but \$22,000 to build, and he offered for the next house, that of the late Marshall Brown, which is larger, \$8,000 a year. Mr. Jesse Brown, son of the decens totel proprietor, now keeps house there for the family, in which are the children of his brother-in law, the Mayor Richard Wallack.

The house Washington McLean and son have purchased on Scott Square was in its day one of the largest in Washigton, and was built by Marshal Hoover, Buchanan's Marshal of the District of Columbia, I believe. V. Forney occupied it for a time in his day of power. The late E. D. Morgan, while United States Scuater, ed there and purchased the property, and he rented it at a pretty high figure to Secretary of State Hamilton Fish, whose public receptions are remembered as among the best ever held in Washington. The house soon became a boarding-house under Mrs. J. F. Cake, and Mr. bookling and other distinguished men lived in it. The McLeans have also purchased three houses in the rear o been filled with every description of well-to-do Repre sentative, Senator, elaimant, judge, adventurer, and court beauty. The site is well adapted for a large hotel or an apartment house.

Perhaus the most comfortable arartment house in the ountry is the Portland, at Washington, built by a New York gentleman on a lot as sharp as the junction or Broadway and Fifth-ave., where the Eric Railway pediments and other excrescences this sharp lot has been nade both useful and ornamental. Abundant light is afforded by the narrowness of the situation, and some of the test families in Washington keep house here on a single floor and with hardly more than a single servant. Men like Mr. Creswell and Mr. Claiborne, who large houses, rent them out and retire into the Portland. Another beautiful flat house in Washington is the Richmond, opposite the new club-house. Brick and building stone are both cheap and pleasing at Washington, the andstones of that region and the artificial stones combining well with the soft, dark-red brick which some prefer even to the brick of Baltimore, and all prefer to the glaring red brick of Philadelphia. The cheap negro labor about Washington competing with the brick ma chines semetimes brings these bricks down to four or fly dollars per thousand, and therefore house building is cheap, especially during the leng recesses of Congress While Washington has 200,000 inhabitants, its rival for four years, Richmond, has about 70,000.

I had a few minutes' talk with Judge Billings, of Louislana, last week. He was one of the prominent actors in the exciting attempts to retain Louisians in the Union party, and about six or seven years ago was rai to the Federal bench, and like all such judges, ceased to he the subject of political notice. He told me that he held court in New-Orleans about six or eight months in the year, say from November to June, and in Nev Orleans only. There is a western district for Louisians in which the judge holds court at four places. Great ex pectations are entertained by the New-Orleans people of pectations are entertained by the New-Oricans people of the advantages of the opening Mexican trade and tourist intercourse. Many of the Mexicans have visited San Francisco, but they are now coming to New-Oricans, which presents more bustle and vivacity than all the towns in Mexico put together. The exhibition in New-Oricans will therefore be the first occasion of inter-American concourse. A large contingent of the people of New-Orleans comes from Yucatan.

When we have what we call doll times in the United States, we are on a tremendous boom compared to almost any other nation in the world. The enterprises being carried out in a time of stagnation here would amount to great operations in such States as Prussia, Austria o even France. We do not perceive that nearly the whole United States is coing onward at the same time, each one of the multitude of towns suggesting, developing or adding something and when there is comparative lathargy

ere another kind of life begins which ought to be a truer art of our life, the artistic cultivation of the people.

The influence of labor-saving machinery to accumulate cods and produce stoppages is now generally per-eived, though the knowledge is not applied. Judge Colley intimates that it will be necessary for the manu-acturing operatives to work a shorter day and spend the est of the time in self-improvement. Mr. Bookwalter thinks that these gluts indicate the retiring of patternmaking machinery in a little while, that kind of ma chinery where a pattern duplicates itself almost autonatically. He says that the finest work in the world is the work of the human hand, in which the Eastern naions excel, and that it is proved by the fact that we send nothing of beauty to Japan or India, while we greedily buy from them the vases and other articles to which our taste has risen. It might be a blessed day if labor, in stead of being collected in great shops to do a given thing and do nothing else for years and years, would have its own little ateliers close to the family life, and, as in the tars of our parents, produce the furniture, etc., specimens of which are now rarities and prizes.

The old National Hotel at Washington, on whose site has been an inn of some kind since the beginning of the century, is partly owned by Dr. Elebard Stuart, of King George's County, Virginia, a connection of the Washing ton family, who may be recalled by some persons as having refused to entertain John Wilkes Booth and Berold at his house after they had crossed the Potomac. One of his negroes took care of them for one night in a eabin and hauled them the next day in a cart to Port Conway. The hotel is kept by Mr. Penney, once of Manchester, New-Hampshire, and now rather mellowing into rotund age. During the present winter this huge hotel, and for many years it has been the most money-making house in Washington. Henry Clay spent his last years there. David Davis and other Justices of the Suprem Court adhere to it to the present time. It was James Burhanan's favorite resort. When Guy kept it it was considered the best hotel in the United States. It contains one of the largest billiard-rooms in the Union, and a stranger would find it almost difficult to find his way around in the vast lower story with its nooks, alees

I was talking to a patent lawyer recently about the men in patent law are Dickerson and Harding. Dicker on is perhaps the finer in quality, but Harding started earlier and became a mechanic in order to be a lawyer. editor, and at the Philadelphia High School demonstrated a fondness for mechanics, which was diverted into the law by a friendly adviser. He was admonished of the rising importance of patent rights in America, and began to study patents at the old Franklin Institute, which gave great annual exhibitions. By the time he was ma-tured in both law and mechanics the great age of patents came on, and he appeared in the great McCormick ceaper case by the side of Edwin M. Stanton and Abra jam Lincoln, and the fee Lincoln received in that case aas always been said to have endowed him for hi political holiday. My informant said that Mr. Harding had once made a hat before the Supreme Court, though I am not sure about it, as the Supreme Court seldom listens to evidence. He did, however, introduce milling and reaping machinery before the tribunals, and some of ais models have cost as much as original inventions like the \*teamboat.

Democracy is the devouring gospel: a Pennsylvania Quaker, Benjamin West, once ventured to paint a battle in which the warriors were the clothes they had in the fight, instead of being half naked or in armor like Roman soluers. Nearly all the criticism of that day remarked: "This is flat blasphemy." But one shrewd observer, after looking at the painting a little, - I think it was the death of Wolfe, -said: "There will never be another Roman costumed picture painted for Englishmen." thought of this anecdote as I stood before the statue of Robert Fulton in the old Hall of Representatives at Washington. There sits a man in a rather slouching position on a chair, holding in his hand the erudely whittled model of a steamboat. He wears coarse woollen stockings, cheap knee breeches, low-quartered shoes with buckles, and is in his shirt-sleeves; yet somehow there is a humanity about those clothes which brings Robert Fulten gown through three-quarters of a century to our side and sight as if we had just shaken hands with him, while the other heroes around the chamber, dressed n cloaks, effete military clothes, etc., seem to be more or less foreigners. People now go to Washington and look by act of Congress. Yet in his day that was a com-mended statue and still has its merits, but it has do democracy and therefore does not suit even our aristocrats.

Frank Hard, of the Toledo District, Ohle, is more referred to than recognized. He is a bachclor, I think, of a somewhat boyish countenance and address, and a little remembles the late Oliver P. Morton, having dark hair, eyes rather wide apart, a somewhat heavy face, and a rather large body; ho is permanently lame, and this may have a little fretted his serious nature and given him some of that combativeness which we saw in Thaddeus ing quite 200 pounds. His sister married John Delano of contention at Washington is regarded by many of his Democratic neighbors as an excellent man. Hurd come of a strongly opinionated family; his father was a jurist and author, and the son is in the same line. He is rather self-induscent, but has periods of study, while his embativeness is unintermittent. He attracts respecfor the steadiness of his opinions, and in interoften found quite kind and reciprocal.

As an instance of hew Southern wislows get along in the North, I may mention the daughter of John Bell, of Tennessec, who was the Union candidate for President She married Mr. Comegys, the son of the present Chief Justice of Delaware, who died, and although sh was offered command of Judge Comegys's home she chose to open a semmary at Chestnut Hill, near Philadelphia, which speedily because the resort of the best scholars in the North from the well-known perfectness mind and manners of its mistress. Henry Watterson says that in his boyhood he was desperately enamored of this hady. Chicago has become the resort of Kentucky belles, some of the best pioneers of Chicago having been Kentaskians, like Mr. Honore, whose charming daugh ters successively married Potter Polmer and Colone Pred Grant. Mrs. Pullman comes, I think, of Kentacks stock. Miss Hell Marshall, long considered the beauty of Louisville, is married in Chicago.

Mr. Eno. owner of the Fifth Avenue Hotel property, and one of the wealthlest men in New-York, is the brother in law of Governor Phelps, of Missouri, who was the custodian of the body of Nathaniel Lyon. Miss Phelps married Mr. Montgomery, a native of Pennsylvania, who built with Scotch capital a railread through the Willa-mette Valley in Oregon and sold the road to Mr. Villard. Mrs. Montgomery has almost a National reputation for her sweetness of nature, vivacity and beauty.

Leaw our uncle Joseph McDonald in the United States enate about a week ago. He is a nig man, tolerably big il ever, and with a somewhat waddling walk, and he oe all over, and with a solick to help himself along, though chare is not much evidence of decay about him. He has a large baid head with an abattis of thin hair making two parallel lines over the ears; his features are pretty good, but they are inhabited by a sort of wondering and simple good-nature which substitutes for the magisterial ap-rearance the idea of a good country landlord, something like Joe Willett at the Maypele Inn. The smile comes as naturally to that eye as the corn-dedger would come to the mouth, for you can see appetite hirling all round the visage, as if every sense he had was accessory to the organ of taste. Now and then there is a little fash in the eye, or deeper light, as if thought was not far behind that rubicund exterior. Something of the old cunning of the Indian fighter, modified by a life-time of peace, per vades the face. He began life a saddler, and would not sell out that reminiscence now for \$100,000, for he ex pects that if he can get the nomination for President there will be a hundred miles of saddlers in procession from different parts of the country, all beating on the sadele leather. Thus tenderly do the old trades come up in the mind and supplant these later professions which now are over-packed, and men's minds return so me chanics as the happier estate. McDonald is admitted to e an excellent lawyer, hardly second to Hendricks, and Mr. Gresham chose him to be his partner about the time Gresham was called to the Cabinet.

A New-York lady, under the date of January 17, writer ne from Tangiers, Africa, saying: "This is the Feast of Molech, when they present young children to the saints at the Sanctuary of Tangiers. I have watched the wild spectacle for five hours in fear of being shot, run down by the herses or trampled under the feet of the med and camels. Thirty-six tribes have passed in procession, each with flags and cach bringing a sheep or a buil to sacrifice. Men whirled their long guns in the air and caught them and fired without regard to life. The admiration I had previously felt for the Moors has merged into dread. They had a powder-play on horsehack shooting from galleping horses forced up a steep hill. Some Englishmen who were present were so much frightened that they took brandy.

### PARIS TOPICS.

ABUSE OF GORDON-SIR SAMUEL BAKER-CLEMENCEAU.

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]
PARIS, Pobrnary 8.
Events in Egypt and the Soudan are followed here with deep but not intelligent or noble interest. The party which egged on Arabi to revolt, in their profound ignorance-to quote again Nuber Pacha-of the sleeping black giants of the Upper Nile district, now cry out that all the mischief arises from their advice not being taken. Their organs try to dispel the halo which surrounds Gordon. Last night and the night before they tried to write him down as a fanatical oppressor of the Soudanese blacks, a harsh, narrow-minded and gloomy hypocrite, and much more famous in Central Africa for his ruthless eruelty than for his philanthropy. The Cairo letters sent to the Temps are of two kinds. One set in written there under the inspiration of the French Resident; the other is concected here by members of an Egyptian financial syndicate, one of whom is M. Gabriel Charmes, the Deputy and a contributor to the Debats. The Egyptian letters of this category are intended to influence opinion, to get up carrents of feeling, to trump observations made to foreign diplomatists by M. Jules Ferry, who once wrote for the Temps, and is in almost daily communication with several of its editors. He must have been cognizant that a series of ensinghts on Gordon were contemplated before they were made, and the probability is that he gave them on anticipating sanction.

About ten years ago I met Sir Samuel Baker and had some pleasant conversation with him. He was then fresh from the Upper Nile and full of it and Cairo politics. At that time he impressed meas a pleasant, rather intelligent and manly Englishman, but a tremendous tuft-hunter. It struck me that be would be kind to every one, but that he would bless every man possessed of anght to give." He was genial and could not help in fire-cide conversation telling the truth about Ismall, Nubar, Cheref, and other great folks at Cairo. But directly he had told it he implored me not to let the journals know that he had been so sincere. In the Upper Nile he had had a good time generally, owing to the patronage of the Empress Eugenie (of whom his brother Valentine was a great favorite), to the profusion of Ismail, the cateness" of Nubar, and the readiness he showed not to get in the way of the slave trade interests.

Sir Samuel, I remember, told me that Egyptian civilization was based upon slavery and that it could not go on existing upon any other lines. But," he added, "this is not a truth for which the English are prepared. The fanaties who persecuted Evre for the strong measures which he took in the West Indies to put down disorder would not bear to be told this. What is more, the Vicercy, who is a man of extraordinary intelligence, is determined to keep the slave market open. He holds the candle to Exeter Hall and pretends to be with it. But he is just the contrary, and I should . be serry to condemn his view of the question. Revenues must come in; the domain must be cultivated; there must be strong muscles to get through a ryile work in the relaxing Delta of the Lower Nile, and the Khedive must keep on his side the Turks and Arabs who are the purveyors to the slave market at Constantinople. How can all these ends be compassed unless through slavery? Edicts are issued against slave-hunts and slave-sales. But they are only so much waste paper, and Pachas and Beys know they will in disregarding them please the Khedive."

I remember asking Sir Samuel whether he did not fear all this would end in a catastrophe such as had overtaken Imperial France. He had no appreheasion that it would, because the blacks were intensely ignorant and though they made excellent soldiers had the servile instinct of Newfoundland dogs. They could not map out their own lives and required the direction of a master. Sir Samuel spoke in the most culogistic terms of Gordon, who was then on his way to Khartoum. But he said that his sejourn would, he feared, be at tended with one great danger; he was imbued with the idea that the blacks had rights, and he was so transparently sincere that he would let them know what he thought on the subject. Now, if they objected to being enslaved, and the Khedive was determined to enslave them, there would be ultimate trouble, and a man calling himself a liberator would probably arise to take advantage of their discontent in order to become their ruler. There had been formerly an Empire of Ethiopin, and the remembrance of it had not wholly died out. Sir Samuel opined that a Soudanese revolt, if successful, would be the triumph of barbarism over civilization. But it could be only a temporary victory. The Khedive had inoney, gains, well-stored arsenals, troops, the good will of Europe; what could be a lot of half-savage blacks against him? was so transparently sincere that he would let them

guns, well-stored arsenals, troops, the good will of Europe; what could be a lot of half-savage blacks against him?
Valentine Baser, the general, I have never met. But I hear that in point of intellect he is very inferior to Sir Samnel. Challemel-Lacour knew him when he was a boy, and indeed was very near becoming his stepfather. He thought him a heedless, headstrong aminbe and hands me lad who would would require to be well looked after. Certamiy he does not appear to have shown much head in the military operations that he has been directing. An Indian officer like Napier (of Magdala) would in all likelihood have done better.

Indian officer like Napier (of Magdaia) would in all likelihood have done better.

Clemencean scored "a great chalk" on Saturday. But his victory will be in its immediate consequences a fruitless one. A Committee of Inquiry into the state of trade and industry in France has been nominated by the Chamber. It consists of forty-four members. The lists were drawn up by MM. Ferry, Touvier (husband of Mice. Claude Vignon) and Roger, and at the last moment imposed by them on their friends in the Burouns of the Chamber. M. Rouvier reported in favor of the Railways Couvention bill, and M. Roger is the attorney of the great railway companies which are preparing to combine for the formation of industrial and tradiic rings with temining and manufacturing companies. The greatest care was taken not to let the lists be made public before they were, on the day on which the committee was to be elected, communicated to the Bureaus. Twenty-three members are positively hostile to all inquiry, and two are trimmers, and will vote as M. Ferry bids them if he maintains his position. About twelve are neutral, but with a tow-crimental bias. There are only three members of the Extreme Loft elected. M. Clemenceau is one, his enemy M. Lanessan is another, and M. Brianion is is an honest fellow but mainle to speak, very simple minded, and not up to the tricks of politicians. Ribot is a man of talent and is not a rogue. But he was a procurator of the Empire and has a bourgeois dread of the working classes. Fear being allied to have a small thing would make him their enemy. Madane Ribot is the daughter of the late Mr. Burch, of Cheago, and takes kindly to the aristocratic vanities of the Old World. One of the best men on the committee is the working classes. From this you will see that Clemenceau will be well nigh alone. The best thing he could do would be to institute a private inquiry bureau of his own and ask Mr. Robert Porter to direct it. Such a course would be a hold industrially. Mr. John Morley would not be an atter failure. M. Clemen Clemencean scored "a great chalk" on Saturday.

The Admiral is a Baalcal and will stand for Fly-month at the next Farliamentary elections. He writes to Clemenceau that he has Freuch tates and that pickles and anchovy since are banished from his breakfast table. If the Deputy of Montmartre ac-cepts his "humble hospitality" he will have a parlor as well as a bed-room entirely to himself, eigars ad libitum, and the most thorough inde-mediance from early morning until dinner time. parior as well as a oct-room entirely to himselyeigars ad libitum, and the most thorough independence from early morning until dinner time,
"without which," says the Admiral, "being on a
visit is a nuisance." Putney has the
drawback of being out of town and
Mr. John Morley does not, I believe,
keep a carriage. Mr. T. B. Potter lives at South
Kensington. But he writes: "I am old and cannot quickly get about, and my son Arthur, who
would be an excellent electrone, is obliged to stay
in Manchester. We must take thought, so as to
prevent loss of time, and enable you to profit to the
utmost by your visit to London. "Joe" Chamberlain will be delighted, I know, to see you here and
to do what he can for you. I am taking steps to
get everything into a nutshell for your convenlence." There is much genuine kindness in John
Bull, and especially when he has to deal with a
lion. "As a bine ribbon man Sir Wiffred Lawson
will be forward in giving a hearty welcome for the
tea-drinking Clemencean.